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Select Tales.

From the Saturday Courier.

THE MOB-CAP.

Or, My Grandmother's Trunk.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

[Concluded.]

"You seem dispirited this evening, Mr. Stanley," said she, as Edward, unusually silent, stood leaning against the harp, from which he had more than once, heard such thrilling music. "Perhaps I ought to say, pre-occupied. It may be wise to abstract the mind in the midst of a throng, but I am afraid it is rather selfish."

"I should think the wisdom consisted in the subject of the abstraction," replied Edward, "and I believe I am as unwise as I am selfish."

"I do not think so," said Mrs. Clifton, and she looked at Fanny, whose serene countenance was beaming from the opposite side of the room, "beauty whether the subject of abstraction or contemplation fills the mind with the most delightful ideas and elevates it by the conviction that the hand that made it is divine. I do not agree with the moralist who would degrade it as a vain and valueless possession. The woman who possesses it, may exercise a boundless influence over the heart of man, and if exerted aright, how glorious may be the results! Often and often have I sighed for the celestial gift—yet perhaps, I should be neither better nor happier."

"You," exclaimed Edward.

It was but a monosyllable, but the most labored panegyric could not have been half so expressive. The clear olive of Mrs. Clifton's cheek was colored with a brighter tint as she laughingly resumed—"I did not solicit a compliment, but its brevity recommends yours. I know I am not handsome. I cannot be if beauty depends upon lilies and roses. In the gay and heartless world I have learned to shine as others do and have tried to be as artificial—but my nature is rebellious—to the rules of art. My life has been passed much with strangers. You, Mr. Stanley, surrounded as you are, by all the sweet charities of home, living in its warm and sunny atmosphere, you do not know the coldness and the loneliness of the brotherless and sisterless heart."

She spoke in a tone of deep feeling and cast down her eyes with a strong expression of profound melancholy. Edward did not attempt to reply. He could not embody the new and overpowering emotions that were filling his soul, and he would not utter the common-place language of admiration. He felt like a man who had all his life been walking in darkness, and a dream had all at once awakened in a blaze of light. Several now gathered round Mrs. Clifton entreating her to play; and Edward availed himself of the opportunity of drawing back, where he could listen, unseen by her, to the melodious songstress of the

hour. He looked at Fanny, who was now near the instrument and compared the calm feeling of happiness he had enjoyed in her society, to the tumultuous tide that was now rushing through his heart.

"I have loved Fanny like a brother," thought he, "ignorant of a deeper passion. And now I am a man and a fool."—

A hand was laid upon his arm. "Brother, are you not well? You look pale to-night."

Clara was looking anxiously in his face, and he saw that her own was flushed with excitement.

"Yes, Clara, I am well—but what has disturbed you? Indeed I noticed before we left home that something seemed to weigh upon your spirits. Tell me the cause?"

He drew her hand affectionately through his arm, and for the first time noticed her new ornament.

"It is not the weight of this new chain that oppresses you," said he, lifting it from her neck—"though it does feel rather magnificent. You have never showed me this new gift of yours. Who could have been the donor?" and he thought of Mrs. Clifton.

"Do not speak of it here"—whispered Clara, with so much embarrassment, it confirmed Edward's suspicions with regard to the donor; and though he regretted the nature of the obligation, he could not but think it was prompted by kindness to an observation of Clara's imitative decorations. The truth was Clara had been exceedingly annoyed by questions she could not, or rather would not answer.

Some one had suggested that it was a present from Mrs. Clifton, and though she did not affirm it, actually, she was glad to admit the idea, as an escape from further persecution on the subject. Still her conscience writhed under the implied falsehood, and she dreaded its detection. To add to her mortification, she overheard some one remark, "that Clara Stanley need not put on so many airs about her new chain, for it was nothing but pinch-back, and had a strong smell of brass."

She rejoiced when the hour of retiring arrived, and when she reached home, she ran up stairs, went to bed, and cried herself to sleep. Poor Clara! she awakened that night from a terrible fit of the night mare, for she dreamed that her grandmother's icy hands were groping about her neck for the beads she had bartered, that the cold grasp grew tighter and tighter, her breath shorter and shorter, till she screamed and awoke. She dreaded the next day her brother's questioning about the mysterious chain; but absorbed in his own deep, over-mastering emotions, he forgot the subject when the glittering bauble was removed from before his eyes. From this time a change was observable in his character. He became as silent and abstracted as he had before been gay and communicative. He no longer talked of Mrs. Clifton, and even to Fanny he

was cold and constrained. Fanny preserved the same equanimity of feeling, though she missed Edward's vivacity and smiles, and openly lamented the transformation. She looked rather more serious than usual, but the azure of her eye was undimmed and the soft rose of her cheek remained undiminished, in bloom. Edward turned from the sameness and luster of her countenance, to gaze upon the changing face that "pale passion loved"—and while he acknowledged the hopelessness of his infatuation, he brooded over it, till it enervated all the energies of his soul. It was fortunate for his mind, that domestic circumstances of a perplexing nature roused it into exercise. Some very unexpected claims were made against the estate. Mr. Stanley had died suddenly, and left his affairs considerably involved, but his family now believed every thing was settled, and that the small property which remained was all their own. With the strictest economy it was just sufficient for a genteel support, and that was all. They had no means of meeting this unexpected exigency, but by the sale of the house—a sorrowful expedient, for it was endeared by every association connected with a husband's and a father's love—besides it was their home, and where should they look for another? Edward remembered the letter of his grandmother. He wanted but a few months of being of age, and the hour of trouble had arrived. He opened and read it, then gave it into his mother's hands with a countenance illuminated with joy.

"It is all well, dear mother—more than well—though dead she yet continues her guardianship of love. Clara, where is the trunk, whose value I have just learned? it will save us from ruin."

Clara looked aghast.

"The trunk," stammered she, "what good can it do us?"

"Read that letter—it will explain all."

The explanation may be given to the reader in fewer words. The trunk contained a false bottom, in which the good old lady had placed deeds and papers containing an amount of property which made a rich legacy to her grandson. Knowing the temptations to which youth is exposed, and knowing too that necessity calls forth the noblest powers of mankind, she did not wish him to know of the existence of this property till he became of age; and being somewhat eccentric in her character, and fond of surprises, she had adopted this singular method of bequeathing to him her fortune. Clara read the letter, and sat like a statue of stone. She wished the earth to open and swallow her, the mountains to fall and crush her to atoms, to save her from the remorse and shame that had overtaken her.

"Clara, what is the matter?" said Edward, sitting down by her side; "can you not go for the trunk, Clara?"

The unhappy girl tried to speak, but only uttered a piercing shriek, and fell prostrate on the

floor. Excessively alarmed, they raised and endeavored to bring her to composure, but she continued to wring her hands and exclaim.

"Oh, what have I done, what have I done?"

They gathered at length from her broken sentences, the extent of their misfortune. The treasure was lost, irredeemably lost, for it would be impossible to trace the course of one who led an itinerant life, and was probably now in some remote part of the country. If it ever were discovered, it would probably be at some distant day, and the demand was immediate and pressing. Neither Mrs. Stanley nor Edward could add to the agonies of Clara's remorse by unavailing reproaches, but they both keenly felt how much it added to their calamity, to think the means their guardian angel held out for their relief, was wrested from them by the hands of a daughter and a sister.

"We must submit," said Mrs. Stanley, with a heavy sigh, "to the will of God."

"We must *act*," said Edward, "and be not cast down, my mother. If heaven spares my life and health, we shall never know one real want. In this country there is no such thing as *poverty*, and as to vanity and show, let Clara's bitter lesson prove the emptiness of their claims."

When it was known that Mrs. Stanley's dwelling house was advertised for sale, to satisfy the demands of impatient creditors, there was much astonishment and more sorrow, for she was a woman universally beloved for her meekness, loving kindness and tender charities. The neighbors gathered in, to question and condole, and great was the sympathy expressed for Clara's inconsolable grief. They did not know the secret burden that weighed her to the dust, and wondered much to see the young and elastic bowed down so heavily, while Mrs. Stanley seemed so calm and resigned. Fanny Morton was very sorry, and expressed herself on the occasion with all the depth of feeling of which her tranquil nature was capable, but Edward more than ever felt the immeasurable distance of their souls. Hers could not comprehend the depth and sensibility of his. The lightning of heaven, and the cold phosphorescent light of earth, are not more different in their properties. Mrs. Clifton came, but not with the crowd. She waited till others accused her of standing aloof from her favorites in their day of adversity. She came alone, leaving her carriage, her servants, and all the paraphernalia of her wealth behind her. Mrs. Stanley knew how to appreciate this delicacy, as well as the added deference and respect of her manners. She asked no questions—she offered no condolence—she said, to solicit a favor, not to confer one. She wished to become purchaser of their beautiful cottage, whose situation she had so much admired. She had learned that her father had desired to become the owner of the lot, if Mr. Stanley ever disposed of it. She was anxious herself that it should not pass into other hands, and to secure their continuance in the neighborhood.

"If by gratifying my father's own wish," continued Mrs. Clifton, her brilliant eyes softened by visible emotion. "I can relieve you Mrs. Stanley, from, I trust, a transient embarrassment, I shall not consider myself less your debtor—

when the time comes that you desire to reclaim it, I will not withhold its restoration."

The tears, which sorrow had not wrung from Mrs. Stanley's eyes, now fell fast, from gratitude. She pressed Mrs. Clifton's hand in hers, and said, in a low voice.

"You have caused the widow's heart to sing for joy—may heaven reward you for your kindness."

Clara, incapable of restraining herself longer threw her arms round her neck, and sobbed out, "Oh, Madam, you have saved me from despair."

Mrs. Clifton, who attributed her words to the natural regret of a young and ardent heart, on the prospect of quitting the home of childhood, warmly returned the involuntary embrace, and bid her call back her smiles, and be ready to accompany her on the morrow on a botanical excursion. When she rose to depart, Edward rose also to accompany her home. He was no longer gloomy and reserved. He no longer looked upon her as an enchantress, moving high above him, in a region of inaccessible light and splendor, but as a woman, endowed with all the warm and lovely sensibilities of her sex—a being whom he might dare to love, though he could never hope to obtain—who might forgive the homage, even though she rejected the worshiper. Had not humility, always an accompaniment of deep and fervent passion, ruled his preceptions, he might have derived an inspiration for his hopes, from the softened language of her eyes, a language which others had not been slow in translating. They entered the magnificent saloon. The contrast its still gilded walls presented to the agitating scene they had left, was felt by both.

"Desolate is the dwelling of Morini," said she, in an accent half sad and half sportive, "silence is in the house of her fathers."

"Dwells there no joy in song, white hand of the harp of Lutha?" continued Edward, in the same poetic language, and drawing the harp towards her. It is always delightful to find the train of our own thoughts pursued by a friend—proving that we think in unison. Mrs. Clifton felt this as she swept her hands over the chords, and called forth that sweet and impassioned melody peculiar to the daughters of Italy. She paused, and her dark eye rested a moment on the face of her auditor. It was partly shaded by his hand, and she saw that he was overcome by some powerful emotion. Again she sang, but her voice was low, and she ceased at length as if weary of the effort.

"You seem spell-bound by the genius of silence," said she, "I should be wrong to break the charm."

"I know I must appear more than stupid," replied he, "when there is every thing around to inspire me. But my feelings have been deeply oppressed by anxiety, and the weight of anxiety has been removed by a debt of gratitude, which, however pleasing and gracefully imposed, is only too deeply felt."

"Oh! let not your pride be jealous of the happiness I have dared this day to purchase. What have I done for you and yours, half—half so precious to your remembrance, as to *mine*? Your sister's tearful blessing, your mother's hallowed prayer!"

She spoke with such fervor and sensibility and her countenance was lighted up with such an exalted expression, Edward was scarcely able to restrain the impetuous impulses of passion that urged him on. The confession trembled on his lips, but pride and poverty, two stern monitors, stood by his side, and forbade the avowal of his madness and presumption.

"No!" said he to himself, "let me live on in the silence and secrecy of hopeless devotion, rather than by unguarded rashness risk the loss of that confidence so dangerous, yet so delightful. She allows me to be her friend. Let me never dare aspire to be more."

Thus reasoned Edward Stanley, and thus he schooled the language of his lips—but the passion denied utterance in words, flashed from his eyes, and modulated every accent of his voice. He looked back upon this evening, passed alone with Mrs. Clifton, amidst the breathings of poetry and music, and exulted in the reflection that he had not committed himself by any act of imprudence he might hereafter vainly rue. Sometimes his feelings rose up against Clara, for the selfish vanity that had led her to sacrifice the fortune that might have placed him above the suspicion of mercenary motives, but her unappeasable sorrow for her transgression, would not allow him to cherish any resentment towards her. Sometimes too his conscience reproached him for the part he was acting towards Fanny, the idol of his boyish fancy—but every hour passed in her presence, convinced him that she looked upon him more as a brother than a lover, and wrapped in a mantle of constitutional indifference, she seemed scarcely aware of the wandering of his heart.

"Oh! I am *so* glad you are not going to leave us! I do not know how I should live without you and Clara."

Fanny's most ardent expression of joy and sorrow, was, "I am *so* glad—I am *so* sorry." It was a great deal for her to say—but she looked at Clara exactly as she did at him, and Edward, whose heart was now enlightened, felt that she did not love him, and he rejoiced in the conviction.

One evening, just between twilight and a darker hour, he was returning from a long walk, when, a little before he left the woodland path, that led into the public road, he met an old woman muffled in a cloak and hood—he bowed and was passing on, when she accosted him in a voice which was not unknown, and approaching nearer to her, he knew by the spectacles gleaming through the shades, under the deeper shade of a mob-cap, his ancient friend of the stage coach, and he greeted her with great cordiality. She told him she was traveling about as usual, and had stopped in the village to make a visit to Mrs. Clifton, the grand-daughter of her old friend.

"It is growing dark and late," said he, "let me see you safe to her house, for you have mistaken the path that leads to it."

"Stop a moment," cried she, "if you are not in too much haste, and let me rest on this log by the way side. I am old, and it wearies me to walk fast. Sit down, young man and let me ask after your welfare. I have not forgotten your kindness to the aged, nor ever shall I."

Edward brushed the dust from the log with his

handkerchief, and preparing a seat for her, with great reverence placed himself at her side.

"Come," said she, "I must soon be gone, but I want to know if I can serve you. I am an eccentric old creature, but I am well off in the world, and when I die, I cannot carry my money into the grave. I am told there is a pretty young girl in the neighborhood whom you love, and would marry if you were not poor. Do not blush to own it, for if it is so and I can make you happy by my means, I shall bless the hour that brought us together, even near the end of my pilgrimage."

Her tremulous voice faltered, and she raised her handkerchief under her spectacles.

"Thank you, a thousand times, for your generous offer," replied Edward, much moved, "but indeed, madam, you are misinformed. I would not marry, if I could."

"Young man," cried she, "you are not sincere. The heart craves for a kindred heart. You would not live alone. Confide in me, and I will not betray you. Trifle with me, and you may lose a friend, whose professions are not lightly made. Tell me, do you not love the fair girl, whom they call the beauty of the village, or is it but a passing rumor that has reached my ears?"

Edward wondered at the interest this singular old woman expressed in his destiny, but he did not doubt its sincerity, and he would not repay it with dissimulation.

"No, madam, I do not love her, otherwise than with brotherly kindness. Where I do love I cannot hope, and all your generosity cannot avail me there."

"Where?" said she. "I want no half confidences. The imagination of age is dull to that of youth. Tell me all or nothing."

"There is one, then, with whom, were she poor, beggary would be a paradise, but whom fortune has placed so far beyond my reach, it would be madness to name, and presumption to aspire to. Sometimes, emboldened by her condescension, I have dared to think, had my lot been different—but no—it can never be—I need not say more—you know where your steps are bound."

A silence followed this avowal, and Edward was so much absorbed by his own feelings, as almost to forget the presence of his companion. At length she spoke.

"I do not see the great presumption of your hopes: if you mean the widow Clifton, I see nothing to make her beyond your reach, unless you choose yourself to put her up in the clouds. She is rich, it is true, but what does she want of riches in another? She has found no joy in wealth. I know the history of her marriage; it was not voluntary on her part, and brought no happiness—a state of splendid bondage. Why do you not at least learn from her, whether your love is hopeless? If I—an old woman—if my heart warmed towards you, the first moment I saw you, is her young bosom made of stone, that it cannot be melted, or impressed?"

"She has often spoken," said Edward, finding an increasing fascination in the subject, and drawing still nearer his aged friend, "of the loneliness of her destiny, and of the insufficiency of wealth to satisfy the cravings of the heart. These wild dreams dazzled my imagination, and

gilded the future with the hues of heaven. But dread of being banished from her presence, of the incurring the displeasure of one who has been the benefactress of our family—you, who are now in the winter of your days, can have no conception of the strength of these mental conflicts—this warring of fire and ice."

"I have not forgotten the memories of youth," she answered; "and impassive as you believe me, there is an image cherished in my breast, whose traits the waves of oblivion can never efface, nor the snows of age ever chill. Few can love as I have loved; and love with me, is immortal as the divine spark that lights up this perishing frame."

She leaned trembling against the shoulder of Edward, who reproached himself for calling up emotions so sublime in their strength, thus glowing and triumphant, amidst the ruins of beauty and youth. He drew her cloak more closely around her, and warned her that the night dew was falling.

"You are right," said she, rising; "I was forgetting, I am not young like you."

They walked slowly on, in the direction of Mrs. Clifton's house.

"May I not ask the name of the friend, to whose kindness I am so much indebted?" said he.

"Oh," replied she, laughing, "I thought every body knew Aunt Bridget; for I am one of those universal aunts, whom every body knows, and nobody cares for. My property is my own, and I have a right to bequeath it wherever I please. I have chosen you as my heir, and you may consider yourself equal in fortune to widow Clifton, or any other widow in the land. Not a word of thanks—no gratitude—at least, till legal measures are taken to secure it to your possession."

"Singular and generous being," said Edward, beginning to believe that her brain was somewhat unsound, "what have I done to excite so romantic an interest, and what can I do to prove myself worthy of it?"

"Be sincere. Truth is the only bond of love, and concealment with friends is falsehood."

They had now reached the gate of the avenue.

"You will not go in?"

"No," said he, "I cannot see her to-night; to-morrow, perhaps—shall I see you then?"

"I cannot tell what the morrow will bring forth. But one thing let me say, young man, ere we part. You must plead your own cause, and not expect it will be done by me. If you have not moral courage and manly spirit sufficient to meet the consequences, whatever they may be, you merit the downfall of your hopes, and the humiliation of your pride."

She closed the gate, and Edward watched her dark, shrouded figure slowly threading the winding path, and almost imagined he had been with one of those sybilline priestesses, who opened their lips in prophecy, and shadowed the mystic outlines of futurity. "Whatever she may be," thought he, "I will be guided by her counsel, and abide by the result."

As he drew near his own home, and saw the lights shining so quietly and brightly through the trees, that quivered gently as in a golden shower, and thought how tranquilly the hearts of its in-

mates now beat, secure from the fear of being driven from that love-hallowed home—when he reflected that for this peace, so beautifully imaged in the scene before him, they were indebted to the very being whose recollection excited the throbbings of a thousand pulses in his heart and in his brain—gratitude so mingled with and chastened his love, that every breathing became a prayer for her happiness, even if it were to be purchased at the sacrifice of his own.

He saw Clara through the window, seated at a table, with some object before her, which was shaded by the branches, but her attitude was so expressive, that he stood a moment to contemplate her figure. Her hands were clasped in a kind of ecstasy, and her cheeks were colored with a bright crimson, strikingly contrasting with their late pallid hue. Something hung glittering from her fingers, upon which she gazed rapturously one moment—then, bending forward the next she seemed intent upon what was placed before her. He opened the door softly; she sprang up and throwing her arms round him, cried in accents of hysterical joy—

"Dear brother—the trunk is found—there it is—oh! I am so happy!" And she wept and laughed alternately.

There indeed it was—the identical trunk—whose loss had occasioned so much sorrow, with its red morocco covering and bright nails untarnished. Edward rejoiced more for Clara's sake than his own—for her remorse, though salutary to herself, was harrowing to him.

"Explain this mystery, dear Clara, and moderate these transports. How have you recovered the lost treasure?"

"Oh! it was the strangest circumstance! Who do you think had it but Mrs. Clifton, that angel sent down from heaven, for our especial blessing. You know I went there to-day, about the time you took the walk in the woods. My heart was so full of grief for my folly, and gratitude for her kindness, I thought it would have burst, and I told her all; no, not quite all—for I could not bring myself to tell her that it contained your property; her eye seemed to upbraid me for betraying the trust;—but again it beamed with joy, because she could restore to me both sacred relics."

Here she held up the beads, now a thousand times more precious to her than all the chains in the world.

"The pedlar called there, after he left me. She recognized the trunk; as it bore the name of a friend."

Edward's cheek burned with emotion, for his own name—Edward Stanley—was wrought upon the velvet lining, but Clara went breathlessly on:

"She gathered from him the history of the beads, and purchased them both, that she might on some future day have the pleasure of restoring them. She understood the sacrifice my foolish vanity had made, and anticipated the repentance that would follow. Is she not a friend, the best and the kindest? and ought we not to love her as our own souls? And can you forgive me, Edward—will you forgive me, though I fear I never shall be able to pardon myself?"

"Forgive you, my sister? Let me only see once more the sweet, unaffected girl, who was

the object of my approbation as well as my love, and I ask no more."

He now examined the secret recesses of the trunk, and found the papers safe and untouched. Their value transcended the most sanguine expectations. He could redeem the paternal dwelling, meet the demands which had involved them in distress, and still find himself a comparatively rich man.

Clara ran out of the room, and bringing back the chain—the "cause of all her woe,"—she put it in a conspicuous corner of her work-box.

"I will never wear this paltry bauble again," cried she; "but I will keep it as a memento of my vanity, and a pledge of my reformation. I will look at it a few moments every day, as the lady did upon the skeleton of her lover, to remind me of the sins of mortality."

When Clara had left them with a joyous "good night," Mrs. Stanley drew her chair next to her son's, and looked earnestly in his face.

"There is something I ought to mention," said she, "and yet I cannot bear to damp your present satisfaction. I have been told of an intended marriage, which I fear much will disappoint your fondest hopes. I trust, however, you have too much honest pride, to suffer your feelings to prey upon your happiness."

Edward started up, and pushed his chair against the wall, with a violent rebound.

"I cannot bear it, mother—I believe it would drive me mad after all I have dared to dream of to-night. I might, perhaps, live without her, but I could not live to see her married to another.—Fool, credulous fool that I was, to believe that dotard's prophecy."

He sat down again in the chair, which Clara had left, and throwing his arms across the table, bent his face over them, and remained silent.

"Alas! my son," cried Mrs. Stanley, "I feared it would be so. Mr. Morton feels for you the tenderness of a father, but"—

"Mr. Morton, did you say?" cried Edward, starting up again, at the risk of upsetting chairs, tables, and lamps—"I believe I am out of my senses; and is it Fanny Morton who is going to be married?"

The sudden change in his countenance, from despair to composure, quite electrified Mrs. Stanley. She could not comprehend such great and sudden self-control.

"Mr. Morton tells me," she continued, "that Fanny is addressed by a gentleman of wealth and respectability, and one who is every way a desirable connection. He has learned from Fanny, that no engagement subsisted between you, but he seemed apprehensive that your affections were deeply interested, and wished me to soften the intelligence as much as possible."

Edward smiled. "Tell Mr. Morton I thank him for his kind consideration, but no one can rejoice in Fanny's prosperity more than I do."

"Mrs. Stanley was bewildered, for she had not dreamed of his present infatuation.

"I cannot understand how resignation can be acquired so soon, especially after such a burst of frenzy. I fear it is merely assumed to spare my feelings."

"I cannot feign, dear mother, though I may conceal. Dismiss all fears upon this subject, for

were Fanny to live a thousand years in all her virgin loveliness—if nature permitted such a reign of youth and beauty—she would never be sought after as the bride of your son."

He kissed his mother, and bade her a hasty "good night," anxious to avoid explanation on a subject which had already agitated him so much.

The next day, when he reflected on his extraordinary interview with the old lady of the stage-coach, and her incredible promises in his behalf, he became more than ever convinced of her mental hallucination. Yet there was too much *method* in her madness, if madness indeed existed, to allow him to slight the impressions of her words.—He was now independent, and hopes that before seemed presumptuous, now warmed every pulsation of his being.

"Shall I even now follow the sybil's counsel?" said he to himself, as he bent his steps at evening towards Mrs. Clifton's door, but the moment he entered her presence, Aunt Bridget, her promises, and the world itself, were forgotten. She met him with a smile, but there was a burning glow on her cheek, and a hurried glance of her eye, that indicated internal agitation. She attempted to converse on different topics, but her thoughts seemed to wander, and she at length became silent.

"I saw a friend of yours last night," said he, with much embarrassment, for he knew not whether his confession were unrevealed. "She is very singular, but extremely interesting in her eccentricities. Is she with you yet?"

"She is, and will be with us whenever you desire. Yet I would first speak with you, Mr. Stanley, and communicate an intelligence which I trust will not cost me the withdrawal of your friendship. You have known me rich, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and fashion, and, as much envied and admired. My fortune has been transferred into the hands of another, and you see me now, destitute of that tinsel glare, which threw a radiance around me, which was not my own. Flatterers may desert me, but friends—I trust, I may retain."

She extended her hand with an involuntary motion, and the glow forsook her cheek.

"Your fortune gone," exclaimed Edward, "and mine restored."

The next moment he was kneeling at her feet. In no other attitude could he have expressed the depth of that passion he now dared to utter.—What he said he knew not—he only felt that he was breathing forth the hoarded and late hopeless love, of whose extent he had never before been fully conscious.

"Am I then loved for myself alone?" cried Mrs. Clifton; "by one, too, from whom I have vainly waited this avowal, to justify my preference?"

She bowed her head upon the hands that Edward was clasping in his own, as if her soul shared the humility of his devotion. Who would have recognized the gay and brilliant heiress, who once revelled in the cold halls of fashion, in this tender and passionate woman?

"Oh!" exclaimed she, when the feelings of both became sufficiently calm for explanation, "were I still the child of affluence, I might have vainly looked for the testimony of that love,

which the vassal of pride was so long a rebel to, to truth and to nature. And now," added she, rising, "let me not, in the fullness of my heart's content, forget your old friend, who is waiting no doubt, with impatience to greet you. You will probably be surprised to learn that she is the lawful inheritor of my fortune, and that all I have been so profusely lavishing, was her just due."

She smiled at Edward's unutterable look of astonishment, and closed the door. He was left but a few moments to his own bewildered thoughts, when the door again opened, and Aunt Bridget entered, in the same ancient cloak and hood, which seemed to be a part of herself.

"Wiseest and best of counsellors," said he, advancing to meet her, and leading her to a seat on the sofa—"to you I owe the blessings of this hour. It was surely a propitious star that shone upon me when I first seated myself beside you that memorable night. Had you not come to prove your claim to her wealth, the spell that bound me would not yet have been broken, and a wall of separation might still have arisen between hearts that have met and blended, and will continue to mingle through eternity!"

Aunt Bridget turned away her head, and seemed suddenly to have lost the gift of speech.

Somewhat alarmed at her unusual silence, especially as he felt her shaking and trembling under the folds of her cloak, he leaned over her and tried to untie her hood, so as to give her air. Fearing she would fall into a fit, as she continued to tremble still more violently, he burst the ribbons asunder, for the knots seemed to tighten under his fingers, and the cloak, hood and mob-cap fell off simultaneously—the large green spectacles too dropped from the eyes, which, laughing and brilliant, now flashed upon his own—and the arms which had been extended to support a far different personage, were folded in transport around the graceful form of Mrs. Clifton.

"Will you forgive me," cried she, when she raised those beaming eyes from his shoulder, "the only deception I have ever practised? Will you forgive me for continuing a disguise through love which commenced from eccentric motives?—Young and unprotected, I have sometimes found safety in this disfiguring garb. Like the Arabian monarch, I like occasionally the covering of a mask, that I may be able to read the deep mysteries of human nature. But my masquerade is over—I have now read all I ever wish to learn. Promise not to love me less because the doom of riches still clings to me, and I will pledge life and fame, that you shall find in Aunt Bridget, a faithful, true and loving wife."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

It was a mournful sight to see the Saviour laid in the tomb. In Him were concentrated the hopes of many a fond heart, but when Infinity slumbered in the dust, a mother wept, a sister mourned, and his chosen brethren were scattered, for they dare not own their Lord. Nature herself wept; the heavens were clothed with sackcloth, and the harps of melody burst forth in

lamentations of woe, the charm of natural beauty lost its loveliness, and the "King of day" laid off his crown, the earth gave symptoms of confusion, and trembling apparitions, as if startled from their dreary slumbers, re-appeared, while strange disorder and mingled terror marked the nightly day. The everlasting hills of Paradise no longer blooming in celestial verdure, emitted no sweet scented odors, nor perfumed the darkened air with incense, but all things spoke that "earth was lost." Could angels suffer? they too must have wept at such a scene. Did men lament? Alas, with devils they rejoiced, and among the infernal legions the cry of triumph echoed, and on all their ebony banners were inscribed the tokens of their present victory. But why all this? Why should light grow pale and darkness gleam with terror, or why should Virtue weep and Vice lament? The silent echo to the listening ear replies: "*because sin has plunged the Son of God in the tomb.*"

Wonder not then, that courage fled affrighted from the little band of disciples when their Lord was gone, and that the pious few bedewed his memory with tears of anguish, for even cold-hearted sterility might melt in tear-drops at Immanuel's tomb.

The regularity of nature was at length restored, yet there slept the "man of sorrows." Evening came on, and all was silent save the fanning breeze, and the noise of the Roman guard passing and repassing the holy sepulchre. The enemies of the Cross still triumphed. The morning dawned with its accustomed beauty, but its luminary shone not upon the Saviour's form. The day passed off, night again returned with her sparkling stars and silvery queen, nothing being heard except the heavy tread of the nightly sentinel, and nothing seen but the peerless rays of night's attendant shining upon the Roman helmet. But while "the general pulse of life stood still," "the rising God forsook the tomb" and rose in triumph. Death, pale and affrighted, fled from the grave, the earth convulsed, trembled with agitation, hell from beneath writhed and wept with fiery tears, while the inhabitants of outer darkness howled in fiend-like concert as if all the anguish of dark despair were uttered in one mighty groan, and an impulse of horror thrilled throughout the empire of darkness when the power of Death was broken. But O, how did the saints rejoice, when they saw their Lord! And the heavens too, laid off the badge of mourning and were clothed in glory, and the everlasting hills of Paradise bloomed forth in heavenly verdure, and the celestial choirs above strung their harps anew to sound the sweet cantations of immortal praise to Him who conquered Death.

Barry Ville, Nov. 1841.

B. M. G.

For the Rural Repository.

QUALITIES FOR A WIFE.

On being asked by a friend, "What qualities would I seek for in a Wife?"

Thy question, dear L—, though on a subject often viewed as light and trifling, is one of deep and thrilling importance as it regards our future happiness or misery through life, and well would it be if it were a question oftener brought home to the heart, for serious and mature reflection of

those who are about to contract the sacred obligations of wedded life, ere they have formed an union the parting of which "comes only at the laden bier and the open grave." "What qualities would I seek for in a Wife?" Listen for a moment and ye shall know. An intelligent and cultivated mind, a warm, pure and generous heart, amiability of temper, kind and winning manners, an artless and confiding disposition, a delicate and sensitive spirit. These are the qualities I would look for in choosing that nearest and dearest of earthly friends, a wife—one who would love not for an hour or day only, but while the lamp of life should burn, and not only in the bright hour of prosperity and joy, but through all the dark and varying scenes of life's journey. The girl possessed of these qualities with a moderate share of personal beauty, the loveliness of mind and heart, the beauty of expression irradiating the countenance, I could love with all my heart and soul; to her worth and virtues I could bow in silent admiration and respect, and happy, most happy, should I be could I win the priceless gem of her youthful affections and make her all my own, by the stout and holy ties that bind heart to heart and soul to soul. Her love I would prize above all earthly things, it should be the joy and charm of my life, its pure and holy beams would illumine the dark hour of sorrow, and throw a mild and chastening light o'er the varied scenes of life. E.

BIOGRAPHY.

THOMAS TELFORD.

It is to the energies of genius in humble life that science is chiefly indebted for its most valuable discoveries, and extension of its empire.

The names of Brindley, Watt, and Arkwright will never be forgotten; and with them, and others equally distinguished, will henceforth rank Telford, a civil engineer, and constructor of public works, unsurpassed in any country.

Thomas Telford was born in the year 1757, in the parish of Westerkirks, in the pastoral vale of Eskdale, a district in the county of Dumfries, in Scotland. His parents, although they occupied an humble station in the walks of life, were respected and beloved by all who knew them.

The outset of the life of their son Thomas corresponded to their situation in society, and was strikingly humble and obscure in comparison with its close. He began the world as a working stone-mason in his native parish, and for a long time was only remarkable for the neatness with which he cut the letters upon those frail sepulchral memorials, which "teach the rustic moralist to die."

His occupation, fortunately, afforded a greater number of leisure hours than what are usually allowed by such laborious employments, and these young Telford turned to the utmost advantage in his power. Having previously acquired the elements of learning, he spent all his spare time in poring over such volumes as fell in his way, with no better light than was afforded by the cottage fire. Under these circumstances, his mind took a direction not uncommon among rustic youths: he became a noted rhymster in the homely style of Ramsay and Ferguson, and while still a very

young man, contributed verses to Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, under the unpretending signature of "Eskdale Tam." In one of these compositions which was addressed to Burns, he sketched his own character, and his own ultimate fate:—

Nor pass the tentie curious lad
Who o'er the ingle hangs his head,
And begs of neighbors books to read;
For hence arise,
Thy country's sons, who far are spread,
Baith bold and wise.

Though Mr. Telford afterwards abandoned the thriftless trade of versifying, he is said to have retained through life a strong "frater feeling" for the corps, which he showed in a particular manner on the death of Burns, in exertions for the benefit of the family.

Having completed his apprenticeship as a stone mason, in his native place, he repaired to Edinburgh, where he found employment, and continued with unremitting application to study the principles of architecture agreeable to the rules of science. Here he remained three or four years, when having made a considerable proficiency, he left the Scottish capital, and went to London, under the patronage of Sir William Pulteney, and the family of Pasley, who were townsmen of Telford.

He now found himself in a scene which presented scope for his industry and talent. Fortunately, he did not long remain unnoticed, or unemployed. His progress was not rapid, but steady, and always advancing; and every opportunity for displaying his taste, science, and genius, extended his fame, and paved the way to new enterprises and acquisitions. The first public employment in which he was engaged, was that of superintending some works belonging to government, in Portsmouth Dock Yard. The duties of this undertaking were discharged with so much fidelity and care, as to give complete satisfaction to the commissioners, and to ensure the future exercise of his talents and services. Hence in 1787, he was appointed surveyor of public works in the rich and extensive county of Salop, which situation he retained until his decease.

A detail of the steps by which Mr. Telford subsequently placed himself at the head of his profession of engineering, would, most likely, only tire our readers. It is allowed on all hands, that his elevation was owing solely to his consummate ability and persevering industry, unless we are to allow a share in the process to the very strict integrity which marked his career. His works are so numerous all over Great Britain, that there is hardly a county in England, Wales or Scotland, in which they may not be pointed out.

Nor was the British empire alone benefitted by Mr. Telford's genius. In the year 1808, he was employed by the Swedish government to survey the ground, and lay out an inland navigation through the central parts of that kingdom. The design of this undertaking was to connect the great fresh water lakes, and to form a direct communication by water, between the North Sea and the Baltic.

Mr. Telford's fame as an engineer has been principally spread in Great Britain by his great work, the Dublin road from London to Holyhead, including the Menai and Conway bridges. The

Menai bridge, one of the greatest wonders of art in the world, is unquestionably the most imperishable monument of his capacity for extensive undertakings. This bridge is constructed over the small strait of the sea, which intervenes between the main land of North Wales, and the island of Anglesea and carries onward the road to Holyhead. Before its erection, the communication was carried on by means of ferry boats, and was therefore subject to delays and dangers.

The bridge is at a point near the town of Bangor, from near which its appearance is strikingly grand. It is built partly of stone and partly of iron, on the suspension principle, and consists of seven stone arches, exceeding in magnitude every work of the kind in the world. They connect the land with the two main piers, which rise 53 feet above the level of the road, over the top of which the chains are suspended, each chain being 1714 feet from the fastenings in the rock. The first three-masted vessel passed under the bridge in 1826. Her topmasts were nearly as high as a frigate; but they cleared 12½ feet below the centre of the roadway. The suspending power of the chains was calculated at 2016 tons; the total weight of each chain, 121 tons.

This stupendous undertaking occasioned Mr. Telford more intense thought than any other of his works. He told a friend that his state of anxiety for a short time previous to the opening of the bridge was so extreme, that he had but little sound sleep, and that a much longer continuance of that condition of mind must have undermined his health. Not that he had any reason to doubt the strength and stability of every part of the structure, for he had employed all the precautions that he could imagine useful, as suggested by his own experience and consideration, or by the zeal and talents of his very able and faithful assistants; yet the bare possibility, that some weak point might have escaped his and their vigilance in a work so new, kept the whole structure constantly in review before his mind's eye, to examine if he could discover a point that did not contribute its share to the perfection of the whole. In this, as in all his great works, he employed, as sub-engineers, men capable of appreciating and acting on his ideas: but he was no rigid stickler for his own plans, for he most readily acquiesced in the reasonable suggestions of his assistants, and thus identified them with the success of the work. In ascertaining the strength of the materials for the Menai bridge, he employed men of the highest rank for scientific character and attainments.

The genius of Telford, as has been stated, was not confined to his profession. Dr. Currie says, in his life of Burns, that a great number of manuscript poems were found among the papers of Burns, addressed to him by admirers of his genius, from different parts of Britain, as well as Ireland and America. Among these was a poetical epistle of superior merit, by Telford, and addressed to Burns, and in the versification generally employed by that poet himself. Its object is to recommend him to other subjects of a serious nature, similar to that of the Cottar's Saturday Night, and the reader will find that the advice is happily enforced by example. We extract a portion of it:—

"Pursue, O, Burns, thy happy style,
'Those manner-painting strains,' that while
They bear me northward many a mile,
Recall the days
When tender joys, with pleasing smile,
Blest my young ways.

I see my fond companions rise;
I join the happy village joys;
I see our green hills touch the skies,
And through the wood
I hear the river's rushing noise—
Its roaring flood.

No distant Swiss with warmer glow
E'er heard his native music flow,
Nor could his wishes stronger glow
Than still have mine,
When up this rural mount I go
With songs of thine.

O happy bard! thy generous flame
Was given to raise thy country's fame;
For this thy charming numbers came—
Thy matchless lays;
Then sing, and save her virtuous name
To latest days."

Mr. Telford was not more remarkable for his great professional abilities, than for his sterling worth in private life. His easiness of access, and the playfulness of his disposition, even to the close of life, endeared him to a numerous circle of friends, including all the most distinguished men of his time. He was the patron of merit in others, wherever it was to be found; and he was the means of raising many deserving individuals from obscurity to situations where their talents were seen, and soon appreciated. Up to the last period of his life, he was fond of young men, and of their company, provided they delighted in learning. His punctuality was universal.

In the course of his very active life, he found time to acquire a knowledge of the Latin, French, and German languages. He understood Algebra well, but thought it led too much to abstraction, and too little to practice. Mathematical investigation he also held rather cheaply, and always, when practicable, resorted to experiment to determine the relative value of any plans on which it was his business to decide. He delighted to employ the *rust* in nature, yet did not despise *minutiae*, a point too seldom attended to by projectors.

For some years before his death, he gradually retired from professional employment, and he latterly amused his leisure hours by writing a detailed account of the principal undertakings which he had planned, and lived to see executed. The immediate cause of Mr. Telford's death was a repetition of severe bilious attacks, to which he had for some years been subject, and which, at length, proved fatal. His life, prolonged by temperance and cheerfulness, at length drew to a close, and he expired at his house, in Abingdon street, Westminster, September 2, 1834.—*Howe's Memoirs of Eminent American and European Mechanics.*

MISCELLANY.

THE RICH LADY AND THE POOR GIRL.

A short winter day was drawing to a close as a young and poorly clad girl reached the door of a splendid mansion in Bleekerstreet, New-York. The servant ushered her into a large and elegant apartment, where sat Mrs. B. the mistress of so

much wealth and grandeur, in conversation with a friend. The young girl stood a moment, then curtsied, and presented to Mrs. B. a small bundle saying, "I hope the work will suit you ma'am."

"The work is well enough," said Mrs. B. examining it carefully; but why did you not bring it before? It is at least a week past the time it was promised. Unless you are more punctual and keep your word better, I cannot let you have any more work."

It was growing dark, and the room was not yet lighted, so that the tears that gathered in the girl's eyes could not be seen, but her voice was very tremulous as she answered:

"I did not mean to break my word ma'am but my mother has been much worse, and my little brother in chopping wood cut his foot so I had to—here her voice became inarticulate, and she hastened out of the room.

"That is always the way with these people," said Mrs. B. "a sick mother, or a sick aunt, or a cut foot, any thing for an excuse."

Meanwhile Mary reached the humble dwelling she called home. Whether her feelings were laboring under the wound so thoughtlessly inflicted or her mother's illness distressed her or her heart sickened at the thought of helpless poverty, or it might have been the contrast between the room she had left and the one she had just entered, which forced itself upon her, whatever was the cause, contrary to her usual serenity and care to appear as cheerful as possible before her mother, she covered her face with her hands, and leaning upon the rude table before her, burst into a passion of tears. It was but for a moment, for a faint voice from the bed called, "Mary." She started from her posture of grief, and went to her mother's bed side. "Mary, dear, wipe your eyes and sit down by me here, and read the thirty-fourth Psalm. It will do us both good."

Mary reached down from the shelf the well worn bible, and seated at the foot of her mother's bed, in a subdued voice read aloud. She had just finished reading the verse, "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all," when a gentle tap was heard at the door. A little girl, some years younger than Mary, opened it, and a lady entered.

"Is this where Mary Morris lives?"

Mary started up from the bed, "That is my name, ma'am."

"Ah yes, you are the one I just saw at Mrs. B's. I inquired you out, and have come to see if I could be of any service to you, how is your mother?"

The last tallow candle was dimly burning beside the bed where Mary had been reading. The lady went towards it, and took the hand of the emaciated sufferer.

Have you any physician?

"No ma'am. My poor husband's last sickness cost me so much, that I have now nothing to pay one. I hope I shall get better in a few days, and then all will go on well; but now it is very hard for poor Mary."

"But you have a high fever and should be attended to: my husband is a physician; he will call and prescribe for you, and here are some

provisions for the children, and Mary just open the door my servant has brought you a wheelbarrow load of wood ready split; give all your attention to your mother, you shall be provided for."

Their hearts were too full for expression of thanks, but the lady needed them not to convince her that there was no luxury like that of doing good. There were tears shed in that humble room that night, but not of bitterness, and there were thanksgivings that would put to shame the feeble gratitude of thousands that are "increasing in goods and have need of nothing."

N. B. Mrs. B. went that night to witness the performance of a popular tragedy, and was so overcome by the distresses of the hero and heroine, as to be unable to attend to any thing else for several days.

RANDOM REMARKS.

MAN is the creature of habit. He gets into the beaten track, and is hardly aware that any thing can be done but in the old process.—Habits once contracted can rarely be entirely obliterated or effaced. They may be compared to a tree whose deeply embedded roots defy the powers of its destroyer. Its ponderous trunk may be removed and not a vestige of its existence meet the eye, still its tender fibres lie lurking in the bosom of the earth, ever and anon springing into existence and cumbering the soil which gave them birth.

We may divest ourselves of our accustomed forms and practices, yet their former influences will often bias our minds to act in their favor.

We ought, therefore, to form those only of a useful and meritorious character; those only that will meet with approbation, and excite the emulation of good men, and yield to ourselves reflection, pleasure, and satisfaction.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful that there was never yet one found that would acknowledge himself guilty of it, and yet how many do we meet with in our daily walks in life to whom the epithet might be justly applied. We know from actual observation that there are people who, if you confer a favor on them, seem to imagine that you are only discharging an obligation which was due to them, and express no gratitude for the favors granted. They look only to themselves, and think the world is bound to support them in idleness and profligacy, and the more you do for them the more you may. They demand as a right what they ought to ask as a favor.

Revenge is the most deadly and dangerous foe we can possibly harbor in our breast. It sears all the finer sensibilities of the soul, destroys peace of mind and transforms the bosom, throbbing with love and affection, into the accursed nature of an incarnate fiend. It often excites to the commission of deeds at which our feelings recoil with horror, and it leaves its victim a remorseless prey to the bitter pang of a guilty conscience, and, not unfrequently; to an ignoble and premature end.

"Revenge! how sweet thou art in embryo,
How baneful in fruition."

Hope is the life and spirit of the soul. It affords us solace and support when afflictions press sore upon us. It yields us comfort and consolation under the most trying dispensations of Providence,

and when we are enveloped in the murky mists of adversity, it enables us to desery at a distance a sky radiant with smiles and loveliness, and in the solemn and all-important hour, when the body is fast sinking into insignificance, and the soul wavering to wing its disembodied flight to realms of joy and serenity, there to revel in the full enjoyment of all the saturnian delights of boundless infinity, it enables us to behold, through the valley of death, a hand clothed in the rich luxuriance of celestial verdure, and growing with the resplendent beams of the son of righteousness.—*Boston Transcript.*

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

No station, however private, can be uninfluential. Our words and our example are often productive of most permanent effect, when we are least conscious of it. We seat ourselves at our fireside, and converse with those who are dearest to us, and our opinions are often adopted without examination. We talk to a friend, we transact business with an acquaintance, and all is forgotten, but we have made impressions never to be erased. We may have given an impulse to a long series of causes and effects whose result may be important in time and in eternity.

CHILDREN are inquisitive bodies—for instance: "What does *cleave* mean, pa?" "It means to unite together." "Does John unite wood when he cleaves it?" "Hem, well, it means to separate." "Well, pa, does a man separate from his wife when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child."

ATTENTIVE.—"My wife is very attentive to the pigs," said a gentleman the other day, in the presence of several ladies. "That accounts for the attachment to you," responded one of the fair damsels. Pretty sharp joking, that.

"Why don't your father take a newspaper?" said a man to a little boy whom he caught pilfering his paper from the door step. "Coz, he sends me to take it," answered the urchin.

A boy was lately asked by a catechist of the school, "who first bit the apple," to which he replied, "Don't know, but guess it was our Betsey, for she eats green apples like the deuce."

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO CURE BEEF FOR FAMILY USE.—To 100 lbs. of Beef, take 4 quarts of Turk's Island salt, 4 ounces of saltpetre and 4 pounds of brown sugar. The salt and saltpetre to be pounded fine and mixed with the sugar, and the beef to be rubbed with it and packed as close as possible in a barrel, with a weight placed on the top.

GOOD MEDICINE FOR HOGS.—When your hogs get sick, you know not of what, give them ears of corn, first dipped in tar, and then rolled in sulphur. 'Tis ten to one, that it arrests the disease, and restores the pig to health.

INWARD WOUNDS.—Infuse yarrow twelve hours in warm water; take a cup of this four times a day. Infalible.

TEMPERANCE.—Milk is said to be an efficient cure for the burning thirst created by intemperance.

DROPSY.—Take half a pound of blue flag root, half a pound of elecampane root, boiled in two gallons of fair water, to one quart sweetened with one pint of molasses; let the patient take half a gill three times a day before eating.

CANKER RASH.—White birth root pulverized very fine, given in small doses three or four times a day. Make a tea of the same for constant drink. For the fever give rattlesnake's gall, three grains at a time.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. W. Norwalk, O. \$1.00; E. S. B. Canandaigua, N. Y. \$1.00; C. D. Hartwick Seminary, N. Y. \$1.00; N. S. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. Hall's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; H. M. W. Livingston, N. Y. \$1.00; G. P. New-York, \$1.00; L. W. East Dorset, Vt. \$1.00; G. V. N. R. Albany, N. Y. \$1.00; H. N. G. Woodlawn, N. C. \$1.00; G. W. R. New Woodstock, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. C. Ballston Spa, N. Y. \$1.00; M. H. Mount Washington, Ms. \$1.00; S. A. C. Ancram Lead Mines, N. Y. \$1.00; I. S. Palmyra, N. Y. \$0.50; A. N. Gorham, N. Y. \$1.00; E. N. Stillwater, N. Y. \$1.00; J. H. P. Ghent, N. Y. \$1.00; K. G. Voluntown, Ct. \$1.00; L. B. Farmington, Ct. \$1.00; S. A. M. N. Campville, N. Y. \$1.00; T. H. P. Barre Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. Keyserville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. M. Yorkshire, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Phelps, N. Y. \$2.00; R. C. Rondout, N. Y. \$5.00; T. C. R. Charlton, N. Y. \$1.00; H. P. Knowlesville, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. Fulton, N. Y. \$1.00; M. P. Bristol, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fletcher, Vt. \$2.00; J. M. C. Warsaw, N. Y. \$1.00; C. L. Acra, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married,

In this city, on Wednesday evening, the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Waterbury, Mr. Charles T. Leake, of New-York, to Anna, youngest daughter of Dr. Samuel White, of this city.

On the 10th inst. by William E. Heath, Esq. Mr. Henry Kingman, of Pittsfield, Mass. to Miss Caroline Caldwell, of the same place.

At Claverack, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Leonard Miller to Sarah Maria Pulver, both of the above place.

At Salisbury, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. D. S. Devens, Mr. Henry Daboll, of Canaan, to Miss Charlotte, daughter of the Hon. Hezekiah Goodwin, of the former place.

At Sandlake, on Wednesday, the 3d inst. by the Rev. A. Baker, Mr. George W. Welsh, 2d, formerly of Albany, to Eliza E. daughter of George W. Davitt, Esq.

Died,

In this city, on Friday morning, the 5th inst. of Scarlet Fever, William A. only son of Alexander W. and Elizabeth P. Wilson, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On the 13th inst. Mr. Walter Cure, in his 53d year.

On the 2d inst. Margaret Rebecca, daughter of Conrad J. and Melissa Houghtaling, in her 5th year.

On the 5th inst. Margaret J. daughter of John and Lucina Shaver, aged 8 days.

On the 17th inst. of Scarlet Fever, Edgar Robert, son of Hiram and Ann Macy, aged 3 years and 5 months.

On 1st day, the 14th inst. at the house of her son-in-law, Thomas Wright, near Hudson, Sarah Atterbury, aged 82 years.

At Athens, on the 23d ult. Judith Bunker, consort of the late Timothy Bunker, in the 75th year of her age.

OBITUARY NOTICE ON THE DEATH OF J. PATRICK BACHUR.—But a short month has passed by, and what a mournful change has been made in our midst. Then was our deceased friend in the enjoyment of health, and taking deep draughts at the fountain of existence, his spirits were buoyant with hope and elastic with vigor, he entered with eagerness upon the stage of life, confident in his own resources to acquire a competence, confident in his skill to plan and of his ability to execute, confident of his strength, confident of his health. Even then the poison was coursing his veins—it waited only for a favorable moment—it came, and he was stretched upon a bed, tortured with a burning, maddening, life-consuming fever, slowly, slowly did this inward fire devour his life. Once did the skill of medicine seem to thwart and turn away the fearful demon; but 'twas only to return with increased energy. The efforts of physicians were baffled, the attention, the kindness and prayers of friends were of no avail. He died. His happy spirit soared to the feet of our Saviour, and left his weeping friends stricken with anguish. With advantage may his character be studied and his example followed—his disposition was exceeding mild and pleasing, he never gave offence to any one by word or look, but was ever willing to gratify all, even to his discomfiture. Kindness and benevolence were expressed in his countenance. Patience and humility were called into severe duty during his sickness, and sustained him through severe affliction. He was firm and decided in his opinions, respectful in maintaining them, and always open to conviction of error. Warm and faithful in his friendships,

"None knew but to love,
None named but to praise."

The composition of his character was such that all who had intercourse with him felt the soothing influence of his well balanced and disciplined mind. A truth-lover and a truth-seeker was the deceased. A kind and affectionate brother, a dutiful and loving son, long will his place remain unfilled. Cut down at the threshold of life, with but twenty-two summers upon his head, with all that can make life dear and happy—what a lesson does it teach—let us heed it and like him be prepared for death. As he lived universally beloved, so did he die universally lamented. Long will his memory be cherished by those who knew his worth. Dear friend farewell, a little while and we shall meet to part no more—till then, farewell. G.

Chatham, November 1, 1841.

* When the deceased was taken sick, his only brother was sick with a fever and is still sick—his sister was sick—she soon died—the only remaining sister was then taken down with the same fever (typhus) and is still sick—an aunt, a member of the family, likewise taken at the same time, since dead.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
THE LIGHTS OF LIFE.

BY HUBBARD M. DALEY.

FULL many a landscape beautiful and bright,
Festooned with clouds illumed with golden light,
Adorned with lake, and isle, and jeweled flowers,
With hill and vale, and fount, and woodland bowers,
Where gentle winds and "birds of sweetest song,"
With purling brooks their varied hymns prolong,
In this fair world is seen. And many a star
That wanders o'er the silver fields afar,
Doth pause to shed its pale soft glimmering rays
Upon the path where Time's poor exile strays.

And Music wakes full many a witching strain,
And Poesy weaves full many a mystic chain,
Which throw around us in our deepest gloom
"Bright beams of light" and flowers of fairest bloom.
And who—where lives the man that hath not knelt
At Beauty's shrine? whose heart hath never felt
Quick trembling throbs of rapturous joy the while
That on him beamed some gentle loved one's smile—
Whose high resolves then warmed by Virtue's fire,
Did not to loftiest heights of good aspire?

And breathes there one of high or low estate
However dark or joyless now his fate,
To whom some hope fulfilled did ne'er impart
Its store of priceless pleasure to the heart?
To whom some dream accomplished hath not given
In moments passed a sweet foretaste of heaven?
The fond remembrance of which cherished bliss
Comes o'er his soul like healing angel's kiss—
Sustained his spirit, when misfortunes lour
With fragments gathered from such happy hour?

No! there are none, how wide their sea of care,
However low the depths of their despair,
Who do not 'mid their deepest sorrows know
There yet may be more bitter dregs of woe.
Nor are there found where'er by frenzy driven,
Howe'er by want or gnawing anguish riven,
Who have not had their "bright spots" in the path
On which they may their tearful glances cast,
And draw from thence some kindly beaming rays
To cheer the darkness of their evil days.

And Home! what bosom warms not at the sound?
What footstep leaps not with a lighter bound—
What feeling soul but yields a deeper glow—
What eye but kindles with a brighter glow—
What cheek but glistens with a fonder tear
As that sweet word so loved falls on the ear?
Oh! there is much of "excellent and fair"
To cheer the pilgrim through this world of care;
And many blessed ones around him wait
To smooth the hardships of his sterner fate.

Nature, with all her bright and varied train—
Music's rich tones, and Poesy's mystic chain—
The smile of beauty—the sweet voice of Hope,
Whose magic tones can e'er Joy's portals ope—
Home! sacred Home—Religion—Friendship—Love
Are in our pathway wheresoe'er we rove;
All these—nor these alone in every ill
Their peaceful influence breathe around us still,
From every sky howe'er with tempests rife
Send forth their beams, the changeless Lights of Life.

Leeds, Va. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

TO MISS — UPON HER MARRIAGE.

AVE! cling to thy father, Anna, thou hast tried his
love full long;
And now the parting hour has come; thou would'st
that hour prolong,
I know the thoughts which fill thy heart, as thou
clingest to him now;
Gazing with earnest tenderness, upon his troubled
brow.

Quick thought brings back thy childhood's years; as
though they were a day,
And memories come thronging back; that long have
been astray,
The saddest tone, or lightest word, of thy childish
grief, or glee,
All—all as if by magic, are remembered now by
thee.

Thou art leaving now thine early home, thy father's
tender love;
Another home to share, and bless, another's truth to
prove,
God grant, to thee each passing hour, may only plea-
sures bring,
And around thy path, affection, a sacred halo fling.

Thy father's brow is sad, and a tear doth dim his
eye;
And he cannot, though he wishes, repress the strug-
gling sigh,
As he gives thee to a stranger's love, his last, his
youngest born;
And feels how lone will be his heart, when thou
sweet one art gone.

Thou knowest not, and ne'er can'st know his watch-
ful love, and care,
Nor how his anxious, fervent heart, has poured it-
self in prayer,
And wrestled with his Saviour—the pure, the unde-
filed!
To bless with heaven's blessing; his sweet and
precious child.

Thy sisters' voices bless thee; and with gentle
tenderness,
Thy brothers' arms infold thee in a long and fond
caress,
Eyes full of tears are fixed on thee; and more than
words doth tell,
That in their very heart of hearts, thy memory still
shall dwell.

They will miss thee dearest Anna; at morn, at noon,
at night,
For thy presence ever seemed to make thy home
more glad and bright;
Oh! it is hard to give thee up, to meet thy smile no
no more,
Would that this hour had never come, or else its pain
were o'er.

J. K.

Hudson, Nov. 10, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

DEATH OF MRS. GAUT.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

"My dear mother is no more," said a soft
Voice—and a deep sigh told the pale
Messenger had finished his appointed work.
Death had swept by with his sable pinions,
And lo! a mother's form was veiled beneath
The shadow of his dusky wings.
Her love like a balmy zephyr had passed
To an unknown clime, and Death's dark spell
Rested upon the mournful scene.

Two maiden youths in pensive melancholy
Bent gently o'er her clay, and shed upon
Her brow, pale, wan and ghostly, warm tears of
Bitter anguish, which told, in all the power,
And eloquence of grief, their depth of sorrow
And their heartfelt woe.
A wife, a mother, had departed!—
And now her widowed husband's sighs, and
Orphan children's plaints, were borne upon
The evening gale. Well might her children weep!
In helpless childhood she had watched beside
The cradle where they slept, supplied their wants
Through those dull, dreary hours—
With guardian care had shielded them from ill,
Enclosed within the temple of her love
And taught their lips to hush her cherished name.
From life's first dawn they were the objects of
Her care—the treasures of her heart—
The jewels of her soul, and hope of her
Declining years.
Around their path rich blessings she had shed,
And flowers of heavenly hue bedecked the walks,
Their gentle footsteps trod, leading to calm repose.
Alas, how changed! That mother's life has fled,
And Death's dark vestments hide her from their tears.
She rests in quiet slumbers, her couch the
Valley clode—her pillow earth's cold bosom—
Her home the silent grave—
Her virtues are embalmed in holy hearts,
And memory will yield rich tribute
To her worth.
Loved ones dry up the fountain of your tears,
And look away to heaven.
Faith points to a *holy, happier land*,
And revelation speaks in gentle whispers,
"There is a heaven of joy."
Therefore wipe off the scalding tear, for *sweet*
Is her sleep, and "glorious her immortality."

For the Rural Repository.

SONNET TO S. H. W.

BY "EMILLIE."

This is the hour when Memory weaves,
Her deepest, holiest spell,
Whispering low like the fallen leaves,
Of the friends we loved so well.
Of the brightest links in Friendship's chain,
Relentless Death can sever,
Of fond Hope's cherished, but in vain,
The vision's fled forever.
The spirit of storms is gathering now,
His robes for a gloomy morrow,
And future must wreath a smile for the brow,
While the heart is wrung with sorrow.
Chatham, 1841.

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